Canada

The Land of Bright and Happy Homes

By . . . . . .
T. B. Warren,
Editor of . . . .
"The Patriot."

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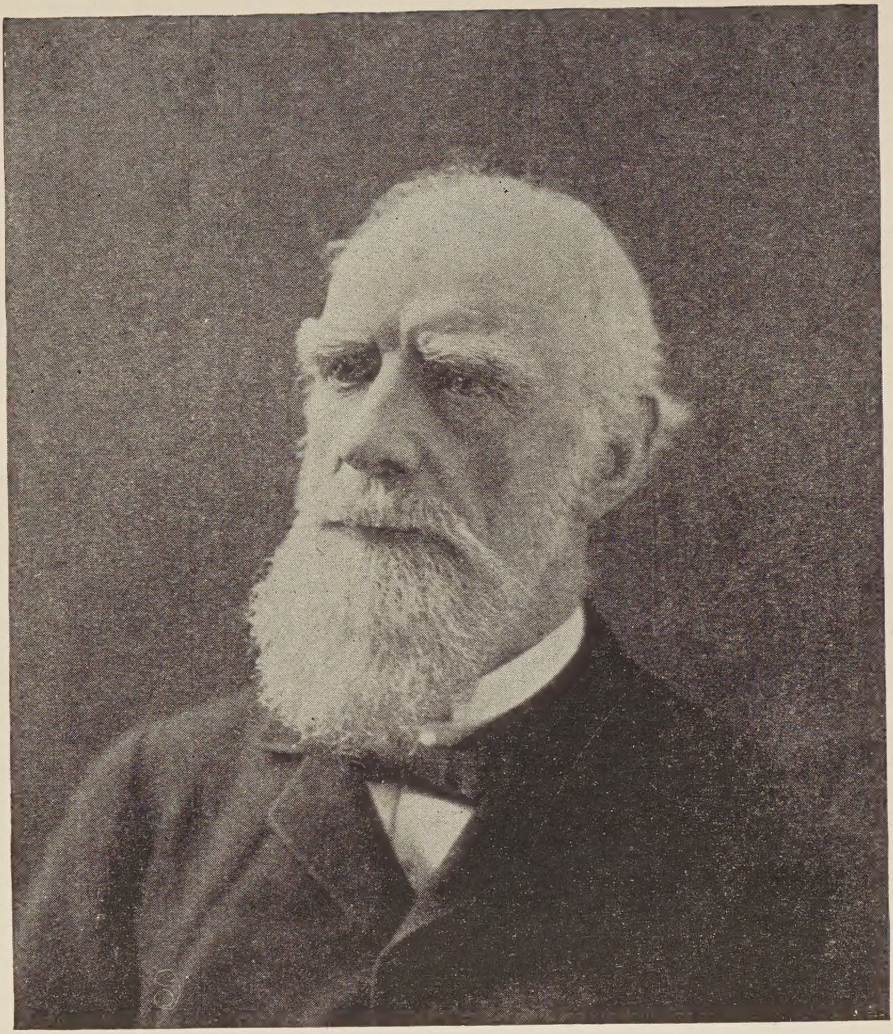

T. Brassey Mountroyal

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CANADA,

THE LAND OF BRIGHT AND HAPPY HOMES,

BY

T. B. WARREN.

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BY KIND PERMISSION,

THIS

ADDRESS

IS

Dedicated

TO

Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal, K.C.M.G., &c.

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S

OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

With the author's kind regards.

H. Mercer Esq:

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C. B. Darwin

Canada

The Land of Bright and Happy Homes

By T. B. Warren, Editor of the "Patriot."

I had not the good fortune, like many, to be born 'neath the calm shadow of the sweet and ever-blessed Canadian maple; but I will play second fiddle to no man—will give place to no living being—in my warm appreciation and admiration of, and devoted love *for*, this brightest and most sparkling jewel in the diadem of nations—this glorious Dominion of Canada—this land of ours—the land of the Beaver and the Maple. And I take it the most thoughtless of spectators cannot but admit that to us Canadians Providence has bequeathed the grandest heritage ever bestowed on any people, in any age, in any clime.

* * *

The poet has tuned his harp to its softest and most seraphic

tune, and sung a song that for all time shall warm human heart to ecstacy—"Home, Sweet Home"—there's no place like Home.

* * *

The sailor that has traversed many a sea, braved many a storm, and visited many a land, is glad when his captain tells him his vessel is chartered for *home*—The soldier that has fought on many a battle-field, faced many a foe, and bears the scar of bullet, bayonet and sabre, is glad when orders come for him to strike his tent, and march towards *home*—The Indian that for many a month has been on the hunt for scalps, or the less sanguinary though necessary trail for the skin and the flesh of the denizen of the wood, is glad to retrace his trail and tramp to his wigwam *home*—The man of business—the working-man, is glad when six o'clock comes to lay down the pen or plane, the hammer or the awl, the graduator or the scoop, doff his apron, don his cap, and with the beacon light of his "fairest spot on earth" as his objective point and guiding star, trip merrily to its portals, and see, maybe, at the garden gate the young mother hold up her

first-born babe in her arms, to coo in baby tongue the "welcome home" to father its infant lips cannot yet pronounce; and the yet sweeter welcome from the wife's soft adoring eye and ruby lips—nectared by the sweetness of Heaven's angelic love—glad is he—glad are all these—yea every one in every station of life, under every circumstance, to get ready to start for, and soon enjoy, the bliss of crossing the threshold of earth's most beautiful type of Heaven—Home.

"There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, fairer spot than all the rest;
Where man creation's tyrant casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride.
Around his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the husband, father, friend.
Here woman reigns, the mother, daughter, wife;
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow path of life.
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Oh! where can this land, this spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around—

Oh! thou shalt find where'er thy footsteps roam,
Thy land, thy country, and that spot, thy home."

* * *

If Canadians are pre-eminent in anything—if they enjoy any distinction, it is that of being the most unpatriotic people under the sun. To any and every American to say a thing is of American manufacture is to commend it to him as being the best in the universe. To a Canadian, to present an article as having been made in Canada is to damn it and subject it to an appalling discount. The Canadian swell must perforce bedeck himself with imported tweed and cotton, must necessarily smoke imported tobacco and foreign made cigars, must eat in sugar the produce of the foreign Indies, munch the grape grown on Eastern vines, and quaff the wine of France, Germany, Spain and Italy, when we can make in our land the finest of tweeds and cottons, grow the best of tobaccos, make the richest flavoured of cigars, produce the sweetest sugar from trees, whose only husbandman is nature, cultivate the best of vines from which to gather fruit, from which can be made the best of raisins and the most

insinuating and delicious of wines. In fact, we can live within ourselves, and produce every article of utility and luxury known among the nations, equalled by none—*surpassed* being as much out of the question as her sons are foremost in all that is great in manhood and that is glorious to behold.

Until we create and foster a feeling of national pride we shall be foreigners to true prosperity. Until we recognize the fact that Canada is supreme in all that is good and great and high and noble, we shall deserve the contempt of all peoples and tongues, and keep and continue to draw down on us—not "Heaven's Benediction," but its disapproving frown. We must teach our children "before everything to be Canadians," and weave such a wreath of maple leaves around their young Canadian hearts that all the flutterings and wavings of the standards of all the nations of the earth, and all old-fogy yarns of deceitful enthusiasm, such as "the flag that floated o'er our cradles, shall wave o'er our graves," shall be ineffectual in endeavoring to wrench from them their inborn allegiance to this fair land of their favoured birth.

I have met many who came from foreign lands, who maybe, in some instance, never before had a roast of beef on their table but once a week, or put their tooth in a turkey or goose save on Christmas day, who came poor to our shores, who, after having prospered, fed on our best and rolled up our dollars, to whom our roast beef had no taste, our vegetables and fruits no flavour, and our very flowers no perfume. I have seen these, after making a fortune, pack up their duds, and, as they shook off the very dust from their feet, as they left us for their Mother-land, as they suppose to end their days, say they "will never return." What do we find? A residence in this country makes those who once enjoyed it, but have left it, anxious to return.

After a few months' sojourn the other side of the Atlantic, they become disquieted, and their hearts sigh for the land of the beaver and maple, and are not content till they return; and when they *do* return, they become true and good Canadians, and whenever they see but the simple maple leaf fluttered by the pure Canadian breeze, as it hangs from the maple-tree beauteous in its melodious praise 'twixt earth's

fairest soil and the bluest of Heaven's firmaments, they feel constrained, I say, to cry out no matter where they may be or in whatever circumstances they may be placed: "Oh! Canada, dear Canada," what land is like to thee? They, henceforth, become unpaid emigrant missionaries, and lose no opportunity of singing to the overcrowded millions of less favoured lands:—

"Come then from many lands
Stout hearts and willing hands
To Canada.
Come where rich virgin soil
Waits to reward your toil;
Join in the harvest spoil
of Canada.
Yes, to the West, to the West, there is wealth to be won,
The forest to clear is the work to be done."

* * *

Almost within the memory of some yet living, the whole expanse of what is now called Ontario was nearly all covered with a dense wilderness, with the exception of a few small

settlements, containing a population of not more than 20,000 at the time it was formed into a separate government in 1791. About the same period, the number of inhabitants in the Eastern section or Lower Canada (now the Province of Quebec) did not exceed 130,000, principally scattered along the banks of the St. Lawrence, from the island of Montreal eastward.

A rapid tide of emigration soon increased the numbers.

From the overcrowded counties of Merrie England came her brave and resolute sons, ready and willing to meet hardships and perils that they may have a hearth and homestead of their own; Bonnie Scotland sent her stalwart, cannie and industrious chiels as pioneers in the march of settlement, while from the Emerald Isle came thousands of her fervid children, happy in escaping from the clay cabins of their green island home, with the prospect of an improved condition in the land of their adoption. Beautiful France, too, launched forth her hardy, sturdy and thrifty children, to build up for themselves in the land of the West a Canadian France; while the Fatherland gave her couplement of those industrious and

light-hearted Germans, who make good settlers wherever they go, and who lighten life's toil with their sweet and beauteous melody.

Allured by the cheapness and good quality of the soil, together with the fine climate and open field, many, a few years later, poured in from the neighbouring Republic—all willing to acknowledge Canada as their home, and, by their obedience to its laws, their industrious and hardy habits proved themselves good subjects and settlers—none more gallant in assisting to roll back the tide of unprincipled invasion by their late fellow-countrymen in 1812.

If Canada possesses little of the historic interest which attaches to older countries, she can with satisfactory pride point to the undaunted and successful efforts of her brave pioneers in conquering the difficulties of nature, the privations endured, the dangers they encountered from the wild animals in the forest, and from the still more savage Indians, and to miraculous escapes on Atlantic's mountain wave, which will furnish themes for the pages of the historian and novelist as prolific as did the days of chivalry and crusades in Europe.

The picture so graphically drawn by one of Canada's historians will place before you far better than I am capable of doing, and in an infinitely more interesting manner, in its deep pathos—the early settler in his most true condition. Says he:—

"The backwoodsman whose fortunes are cast in the most remote inland settlements of the present day, far removed from churches, destitute of the ministers of the gospel and medical men, without schools or roads, or the many conveniences that make life desirable, can alone appreciate, or even understand, the numerous difficulties and hardships that beset the first settler among the ague-swamps of Canada.

"The clothes on his back, a rifle or old musket, and a well-tempered axe were not unfrequently the full extent of his worldly possessions. Thus lightly equipped he took possession of his 200 acres of closely-timbered forest land, and commenced operations.

"The welkin rings again and again with his vigorous strokes as huge tree after tree is assailed and tumbled to the ground, allowing the sun to shine in on his little clearing.

"The best of the logs are partially squared, and serve to

build a shanty, the remainder are given to the flames. Now, the rich mould, the accumulation of centuries of decayed vegetation is gathered into little hillocks, into which potatoes are put; Indian-corn is planted in another direction, and perhaps a little wheat. If married, the lonely couple struggle on in their forest oasis like the solitary traveller over the sands of the Sahara. The nearest neighbour lives miles off, and, when sickness comes, they have to travel far through the forest to claim or procure human sympathy.

"But fortunately our nature with elastic temperament adapts itself to circumstances.

"By-and-bye the potatoes peep up and the corn-blades modestly show themselves around the charred maple-stumps and girdled pines, and the prospect of sufficiency of food gives consolation.

"As winter approaches, a deer now and then adds to the comfort of the solitary couple."

Such were the mass of the first settlers in this our now better known Dominion of Canada.

Within the brief space of a century how marvellous the change.

This description of the hardships incident to a settler's life falls in innumerable instances far short of the reality.

The axe being the most necessary tool in the hands of the emigrant, while its use was quite familiar to the partially acclimitized American was to the newly arrived Briton, a totally different instrument; and the months that must elapse before he could become accustomed to its use, together with the long season of illness which himself and family must necessarily pass through, brought on by the deadly malaria arising from the swamps and decaying vegetable matter by which he was surrounded, far away from human sympathy and assistance, shows the metal these brave men were made of, enabling them to conquer over all.

* * *

The tide of emigration continued to flow; those trials and difficulties became less from year to year as the country became opened up.

Cities, or rather *towns*, were brought within closer communication of each other, and that harbinger of progress—a newspaper—started.

Slavery was declared in both Upper and Lower Canada to be incompatible with the institutions growing up, and was forever abolished; the fetters which hound slaves then in the country were knocked off, and the liberated Africans declared Canadians and *as* such—free men.

* * *

The second steamboat of the new world first ploughed the blue waters of the St. Lawrence in about the year 1809, and was quickly followed by additional ones in both provinces. Look at them to-day ! For river, lake and ocean craft, we challenge the world.

* * *

A fierce and deadly struggle for supremacy against almost overwhelming odds was brought to a successful termination, and the neighbouring Republic taught a lesson it will take them centuries yet to forget—namely, that Canada is for Canadians and their children. Canada, that land of ours of which Dufferin so eloquently spoke of as the " country

whose illimitable proportions confounded alike the arithmetic of the surveyor and the geography of the explorer."

* * *

Commerce increased, manufactures were established, schools opened and churches built, even in defiance of obstacles thrown in the way by a Government whom and whose officials were profoundly ignorant of the resources and growing importance of the rising colony—Canada. By way of illustration—so late as 1812 the wood-work of the "Psyche" frigate, intended for naval purposes on Lake Ontario, was sent out to Canada from England—to Canada—to a country where it could be provided on the spot in one tenth of the time necessary to transport it from Montreal to the lakes—remember, there were no railways or canals in those days—and at a twentieth part of the expense; even *wedges* were included in the stock sent (not enough wood even to make a wedge in Canada—(poor Canada)—and to exemplify more completely the information possessed at that time by the admiralty, let me tell you that full supplies of water, in casks, were provided and forwarded from England for the use of the ships of war on Lake Ontario, when, as you

know, that on this grand inland sea it is only necessary to throw a bucket overboard to draw up water of the purest quality.

* * *

By the numerous suicidal acts which emanated from the home government, the shoe soon commenced to pinch; petitions, remonstrances and at last armed rebellion opened the eyes of the Mother country to the injustice and injury her children in the West were suffering; and at once devised a certain system of self-government, and with a generous but not uncertain confidence in the attachment of her sons in Canada, and assurance of their ability to take care of themselves, slipped the leash, and left her full-pledged offspring to go on its journey for weal or for woe.

* * *

For which *did* it go? But a few years have elapsed since this boon was granted, and already Canada can point to the numerous strides she has made in every direction, and can point that finger fearlessly and pleasingly to the fact that since then she has advanced in all that is good and great, and

high and noble, as a proof that for Canadians self-government is not only requisite, but *must* be obtained.

* * *

She can proudly make known the fact that, as at the commencement of the present century, she was only seen with a population of 150,000; she now claims and rejoices in the staunch allegiance of five millions of men, women and children, better than whom not only can no other country boast, but find it impossible to match for physique, manhood, good looks and honour, and all that tends to make a human being great.

* * *

And as this fair land gets cleared from the base of the cold icebergs of the north to the fringe of the sweet grassy meadows of the south, and from yon east, where the wild north Atlantic washes its rugged coast, to where the distant sweet Pacific kisses the golden Western, who shall venture to compute the plentitude of manhood, that shall by-and-bye and soon, happily throng our glorious Dominion of Canada.

She can point to her noble lakes and unrivalled rivers, to her rich soil and healthy climate in all its pleasant, though different variations, together with her inexhaustible mines of gold, iron, coal, copper, lead, silver and every known mineral, to her flowing wells of petroleum and her phosphate beds, as the future homes and means of support of hundreds of millions more.

* * *

She can at the present time show a chain of inland lakes and rivers connected together for commercial purposes, by a series of the most magnificent canals in the world, enabling vessels of much over a thousand tons to ascend from the Atlantic to the upper lakes, and—let us hope in a few more years—from ocean to ocean.

* * *

But a few years since, where before the solemn silence of the deep and lonely forest was interrupted but by the wandering Indian or wild animal, and where the foot of a white man had rarely or never trod, she can point to numerous cities, towns and villages with populations ranging from 300,000

downwards, many of them second to none in the world, for the enterprise and public spirit of their inhabitants, the architectural display, ornament and solidity of public and private buildings, the extensive works of utility they have completed, and their mammoth warehouses and harbours filled with the produce of a boundless prairie farm, and exult over these busy marts of commerce as evidence that she is on the grand, broad and sure highway to prosperity.

* * *

She can show extensive regions once the scene of the Beaver's labours, and the home of the sickening fever, from which the forests have fled as if by magic, and converted by strong muscle the place once occupied by them into smiling fields of plenty and peace, filling the land with the musical, busy hum of industry and of commercial and domestic happiness.

* * *

She has produced a system of railways extending across the entire country, and on every side of it, unequalled among the nations for their solidity and permanency of construction,

nearly all of which have been put in operation within the past forty years, bringing the extreme portions of the Dominion within magic time of each other. And it is only necessary to whisper the very name of our Pullmans to excite the admiration and jealousy of those whose travelling comforts in other less-favoured countries are so twinly identical with those of cattle in ours.

* * *

That great engine of popular instruction and freedom—the press—has increased in numbers, power and influence beyond calculation from its infancy, when in 1795 the solitary government gazette was published in Montreal, and sent forth its bare one hundred copies a week with the latest intelligence from New York and Quebec, nearly a month old—to the present day—when from the mammoth city *daily*, of several editions, to the modest village *weekly*, the country is deluged with reading matter on all readable and conceivable subjects, and with news in swaddling clothes that scarce an hour's time since had been flashed from all parts of the globe.

This enormous power is controlled by men of the highest order of newspaper talent, all working together in the most harmonious accord with the common view of instructing, improving and elevating their readers. With still greater and conscious pride can Canada point out the high position she has attained, spiritually and intellectually, in the education of her children; to the complete religions toleration which prevails, allowing every citizen to worship his maker according to the dictates of his own conscience, whenever and wherever he pleases, and listen to the evergreen blessed story of Calvary's cross, none *daring*, none *wanting* to make him afraid.

Yes, she can point to the countless church spires rising majestically to the blue firmament of the Heavens from one end of the land to the other; and with hallowed pride take the illustrious stranger to our shores each calm Sabbath morn, as the bells chime sweetly out their melodious but solemn summons for the people to attend their respective churches, and show him the vast streams of humanity wending their way to those various shrines, the earthly habitation of the living God—Canada's God.

Yes, and let him ask that Canadian what is the brightest and richest feather in young Canada's cap, and he will tell you that it is to be found in the fact that —the Sabbath is better observed in his land than in that of any other nation under the sun. Yes, Canada thus, as in many minor ways, seems with clarion notes and with object lessons everywhere at her disposal, to call to sister nations:—

"Let every kindred, every tribe, around this earthly ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe, and crown Him, Lord of all."

* * *

With just exultation she may also call attention to the universities, academies, common schools and mechanic institutes which stud the face of the whole country, furnishing a system of education embracing classics, art, law, medicine, mathematics and the whole range of sciences, down to rudimentary instruction in the French, English and German languages, which institutions are open to all on the same terms, from the highest and richest to the very low and poorest, while no merit is rewarded or recognized but that of ability. She can point to the upright, learned and eloquent men who

grace the ermine they wear, and as fountains of justice distributing it in streams as clear and irresistible as the limpid waters of the mighty St. Lawrence in its majestic flow ; to her men of science who have made themselves eminent, and their country celebrated for the colossal public works they have conceived, planned and executed, to her free and elective government with its constitutional opposition as a guarantee that the rights of the people shall not be invaded, or the public funds misappropriated, and, in the course of time, changing places, to see the late ministers converted into watchful sentinels on their successful adversaries taking the helm of state—all equally zealous in the maintenance of their country's honour, credit and prosperity; and above all to their devoted loyalty and attachment to the sentiment instilled into them, by such heroes, as those who fought, bled, were exiled, died and were murdered at St. Eustache, and those other places of illustrious name and memory, who have emblazoned on Canadian history's page deeds of heroism, grandeur, patriotism and glory that shall live as long as Niagara's rapids play its accompaniment to the melody of the

maple in the woods, and long after the Beaver has no forest wherein to cut its lumber to dam the rippling brooks and erect its home across their beauteous bosom.

* * *

If proof were wanted of the manhood and muscle of Canadians, the finger need only be pointed to our deep-rooted love for athletic sports, to convince the most sceptical that the sons of this bright land of the north star rank amongst the most manly of manly men, in the foremost rank, and equally noble whether on land or on water. With the rifle our boys have won chosen honours and distinctions on this continent, and in Europe, and lead the race in that manliest of games—lacrosse,—whilst in cricket and base-ball we are no mean adversaries, and our little Hanlan went over to England to show the British—the champions of centuries—how to handle the oar.

The very climate is conducive to the successful development of the human frame; the skate, the snow-shoe, the canoe and the toboggan, going hand-in-hand in making outdoor exercise at once pleasing, beneficial and attractive. We, to-

day boast of more outdoor sports than any other nation, and have not only outrivalled but far outstripped all other peoples in fostering a love for those recreations and amusements which, in themselves, contain nothing but what is healthful and manly and pleasurable and honest. We can thus, as in everything else, fling high and defiantly our standard to the breeze, and let those try our metal who dare—we are foemen worthy of our steel.

* * *

If proof was wanted of the healthfulness of our climate, it is but necessary to refer to the fact that our death-rate is the lowest in the world. What do you think of this? our death-rate in every 10,000, *98;* in England, *211.* How's that for the clear invigorating air that feeds Canadian lungs ?

* * *

Of our taxes, we cannot complain. They are all levied by customs and excise, municipal ones being all self-imposed. Customs duties it should be the aim of every true patriot to not only reduce to a mere shadow, but, by aiding in encouraging home manufactures, cause even that faint shadow to

vanish as quickly as Canada's virgin snow disappears 'neath the warm influence of its April noon-day sun. Excise is only collected on whisky and tobacco, so those who use neither of these—shall I call them *luxuries?* pay no excise. In fact, except in cities these burdens may also vanish, for each Canadian may cultivate his own tobacco, and grow his own grapes, and the sooner Canadians cease the use of spirits and drink their own wine the sooner will their physique be improved and our children be healthier than they even now are.

Thus we are, or need be, little burdened, and as tenderly as the young mother presses her new-born babe to her loving bosom, so tenderly, and with perhaps almost equal love, may we cherish the sentiment that Canada imposes no unnecessary or unbearable burden on her children, and exult over the fact that we are able to live by and within ourselves.

* * *

In our loved country no church-rates oppress the people, and no one is called on to support a church foreign to his own, and fervently thank the good God of nations that along our village streets there struts no country squire to whom every man must bow and every woman curtsey.

We are proud of our school system, for, from the high schools in the city, to the log schoolhouse in the back woods, our country is studded with the means of education, in which we recognize the only safeguard against crime and indolence, and intemperance and intolerance, and those many other vices which affect to a corresponding degree large and small communities. We love our Canadian schools, because there is no distinction in them, because both the children of the poor, as well as of the rich, can sit side by side on those forms, and commence in early youth together that noble and healthy emulation which they will have to carry on, in after life, as they grow up to manhood. Yes, my friends, and the first lesson that is taught in these schools to the thoughtful mind is, that a man's career in life and usefulness to society depends *not* on the mere accident of birth or the surroundings of childhood, but completely and entirely on his own energy and perseverance, and his honesty of purpose and principle. These schools have commanded the admiration of all who have taken the pains to enquire into their working, and these children have those salutary principles engrafted into them

which fit them for the battle of life, prepare them for making an honest livelihood, to be useful members of society, and such specimens of true manhood and womanhood as to be a credit to themselves, and such an honor to their country and its institutions as to make their every act, national, commercial, spiritual and private redound to the glory of their God.

* * *

It is to be deeply regretted, and sorely deplored, that we Canadians possess to an almost criminal degree the virtue of modesty. There are those who were born in this glorious land of the Beaver and Maple, but whose forefathers were cradled three thousand miles away, who have had the love of France, England, Ireland, Scotland or Germany so forced into them by silly traditions that they forget their allegiance, is *first* to Canada, and claim as the land of their allegiance that of their progenitors—thus stepping over the grander pearl to get the shallow empty nothing—forsaking the sub-

stantial glory of a Canadian's grand and matchless inheritance for the mere shadow of ridiculous disloyal—nay, wicked distinction of holding allegiance to a foreign nation, flag or monarch. True national prosperity we will never embrace till this lamentable state of affairs ceases, and we teach our children "before everything to be Canadians."

* * *

If there is one man more than another that has done giant's work in fostering this sentiment, and who, though an Irishman by birth, gloried in calling himself a Canadian, and in identifying himself with all its interests, that grand man is the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava—the genial, whole-souled, hospitable, eloquent and patriotic—(as *we* knew him)—Lord Dufferin—the best governor-general Canada ever had, and who, the poorest in point of worldly possessions, did more good for and spent more money in our country than all his predecessors and successors put together. Incidentally, be it said, that he was *honest,* and, whilst he could not take Rideau Hall away to Europe with him, he deigned to leave the furnishings of the vice-regal residence as he found them, and

was sufficiently respectful to the 10th commandment that he failed to covet the plate, the crockery or any of the property at Rideau Hall paid for out of the Canadian purse.

Thoroughly acquainted as he was, both with the past and present of things Canadian—clear-headed and learned as he was—true as steel to all that effects our interests as he was, I think we may safely believe him when he tells us there *is* that glorious future in store for us, of which he has so often, so eloquently and so enthusiastically spoken, and that, in order to obtain that future and assist in building up our country's grand structure, we have to become more and more Canadian, and cherish a deeper love for our sweet heritage.

* * *

In Manitoba he hit the nail on the head when he said of that province: "From its geographical position and its peculiar characteristics, Manitoba may be regarded as the key-stone of that mighty arch of sister provinces which span the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It was here that Canada, emerging from her woods and forests, first gazed upon her rolling prairies and unexplored north-

west, and learnt, as by an experienced revelation, that her historical territories of the Canadas, her Eastern seaboards of Labrador, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, her Laurentian lakes and valleys, corn-fields and pastures, though themselves more extensive than half a dozen European kingdoms, were but the vestibules and anti-chambers to that, until then, undreamed of Dominion—whose illimitable dimensions alike comfound the arithmetic of the surveyor and the verification of the explorer."

* * *

Living as we do in a land literally flowing with milk and honey, we become so accustomed to its beatific dazzling that we fail to see in it more than ordinary splendour, and consequently fall far from rightly appreciating our land's virtue and worth. Tell me, if you can, the value of the fruit that year after year ripens and falls to the ground in the woods of Canada—fruit whose only husbandman is nature—dare you compute the gallons of raspberries, cranberries, strawberries, blueberries and other fruits that in one season remains unpicked ? and reflect how this sinks into utter insignificance

when we remember that enough maple sap remains in our trees unutilized every year to make enough sugar, I venture to affirm, for the whole world's consumption. The dear maple is well fitted to be the national emblem of our richness, for assuredly the day is not far distant when the fruit of the maple tree will be so largely gathered and so perfectly refined that it will become one of the bulwarks of our commercial industry, and be a leading article of export, and the choicest adornment of the tea, breakfast and dinner table in every Canadian home. Yes, I look forward with hopeful anticipation to the not far distant future when every tree within reasonable distance of a settlement will be tapped, and Canada become the West Indies of the world. Then, if not till then, will our cold, unenthusiastic fellow-countrymen see the beauty in the maple leaf, as the feather of that bird which lays Canada's golden egg. Yes, then, those, who now by their unpatriotic demeanour and language I can liken to nothing but an angel without wings, or a tintless rainbow, will awake to a clear and deliberate realization of the fact that Canada stands supremely Queen of the nations.

Talking of fruit, take our apple; where can you find the equal of our fameuse, our St. Lawrence, our spy, our spitzenburg, our greening or our russet?

If we suffer the penalty of crime for Eve's eating the forbidden fruit in the garden of Eden; if in proportion to the goodness of the forbidden fruit be the penalty for eating it, who can dare to even think of the sin and punishment of our common mother, handed down by her to her children for all time, had the garden of Eden been in Canada, and Eve have eaten a Canadian apple when forbidden by the most High!

Take the grape. It has been my good fortune to travel through the vine-growing districts of France, and I must say, in all candour, that I have never seen as fertile vineyards there as it has been my pride and pleasure to behold in Canada—yea, in this very province of Quebec, whose climate is said to be the most rigorous known—even more than semi-arctic.

Ontario is rich in vineyards, and before long not only, as now, will the Christmas pudding be washed down with wine

made from Canadian grapes, but the pudding itself be rich with raisins and currants grown on Canadian soil, and thus wrest the wine and fruit trade from European markets. Whether we look at the grandeur and immensity of our proportions or the brilliancy of our very near future, all of us Canadians should shout a grand Hallelujah that should reach inside Heaven's portals, and constrain the angelic throng to join in the chorus of praise.

* * *

Our inland seas already carry on their blessed bosoms a larger amount of tonnage than the Mediterranean, Baltic and Black seas combined, and we must not forget that China, which only has a territory not one-fourth of ours, peoples four hundred millions, and as this land of ours gets peopled, and opened up by those whose undauntedness and prowess will make them renowned for ages, adorning themselves with every virtue, and casting aside all that is doubtful—we can safely face the future with the calm satisfied assurance of great and triumphal progress, and of national prosperity.

It would ill-become me to dilate on the glories of this land of "bright and happy homes" did I not pause—certainly in spirit—to drop a silent tear over the memory of that illustrious Canadian, who was one of the fathers of our Dominion—the late lamented Honorable Thomas D'Arcy McGee—that Canadian of Canadians who sealed his patriotism with his blood. Around his bleeding brow is bound the evergreen of fadeless memory, and the name of that brilliant orator, genial soul and burning patriot, will be enshrined in the heart's affections of not only the Canadians of to-day, but in those of millions yet unborn.

* * *

In proportion to population, we have a larger amount of rail and telegraph than any other people, and it must not be forgotten that to-day we stand second for *inland*, and fourth for *ocean* tonnage among the nations of the earth.

* * *

I deem it would be both unkind, unjust and unfeeling to omit, just here, to breathe a sentence in laudation of the neighbourly character of our friends to the south of

us, with whom we live on such pleasant and harmonious terms. Indeed, this is nothing but natural. Living as we do, side by side, enjoying the same religious freedom, speaking the same language, sprung from the loins of the same illustrious sires, with only an imaginary line between us—so untraceable is it through our noble lakes, majestic rivers and fertile lands—it is only natural that we should be closely allied to each other. Whilst as Canadians we do not aspire, certainly for many years to come, to the honour of our country's controlling the destinies of the whole western Hemisphere, we, nevertheless, would think it no humiliation to ourselves, nor do I think honest Americans would think it derogatory to their honour to annex their country to Canada, for *we* know, and *they* too are fully aware, that our country has been on the march of progress from its infancy, and neither they or we would be much surprised or alarmed if one fine morning the inhabitants of the United States woke up and found that, softly as the tread of angelic footsteps, silently as day succeeds the night, and imperceptibly as one moment dovetails itself into its immediate neighbour—that so softly, so

silently and so imperceptibly had coquettish Miss Canada won the heart of her neighbour, and as the only terms of marriage or annexation to which she would consent, would be that she would never have to change her name—they would be neither surprised or alarmed, I say, to find that popular sentiment had given way to stern fact, and that the flag of our Dominion waved over the then late United States, and that the Beaver and Maple leaf was, henceforth, the chosen and beloved emblem of all from Gaspé to Vancouver, and from the frozen north to balmy California. Enjoying the same privileges, it is only natural and reasonable that we should be forever bound in the bonds of eternal friendship and love, and the stillness of the sepulchre be forever on that tongue that would say a word to disturb the harmony that exists between us, and palsied be the hand that would draw the sword and make these two countries antagonistic to each other—countries on whose standard is now, and should ever remain emblazoned, "peace and good will to all men." We can join with them as they sing with one accord:—

"My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died;
Land of the Pilgrims' pride;
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring."

And they can twine hands with us, and assist in the grand chorus:—

"At Queenstown heights and Lundy's lane,
Our brave fathers, side by side,
For freedom, homes and loved ones dear,
Firmly stood and nobly died;
And those dear rights which they maintained.
We *swear* to yield them NEVER!
Our watchword evermore shall be:
"The maple leaf for ever."

* * *

In a military point of view, as in almost everything else,

Canada is well-nigh left to her own resources, and it is a pleasant consolation and reflection to know that her noble army of volunteers are *ready for* and *equal to* any emergency. Canadian volunteers are not surpassed in the world for general sturdiness of appearance, muscular build and their every capability for actual warfare. *And*, be it known, that the tunics of these warriors encase as brave and resolute hearts as ever beat within the breasts of Washington, Napoleon or Wellington.

These men are not untried, for more than once at the Bugle's call they have turned out at a moment's notice in defence of their hearths and homes and all dear to their manly hearts. They have proved themselves to be of the real bone and sinew of warriors, and *no* equal number dare with safety approach them. On the frontier, and later in the north-west, our citizen soldiers have hallowed our soil by moistening it with their precious life's blood, and they have contracted diseases, lying on midnight couches in the swamps, from which they never recovered. But for them, since they returned from the front, muffled drums have been heard in our Canadian streets;

along our roads cemeterywards have been noticed the martial tread of the firing party and the earth-turned bayonets, whilst in rear have followed "the comrades they did love as brothers," weeping for the loss of one of fair Canada's noblest sons. This has stimulated the courage, patriotism and devotion of those who live, and they are ready—aye, *anxious*,—to shoulder the rifle or draw the sword in order to avenge the death of their comrades, and that, not only with their might and their substance, but with their very life's blood, and drain out the last drop of the scarlet life fluid at this the shrine of the dearest cause that ever called forth the efforts of man.

* * *

Being determined that—

"The gulf shall run into the lakes,
The lakes their beds forsake;
Ere they permit a foreign foe,
Their Canada to take."

* * *

The era of reality for the volunteers was at the time of the

Trent affair, when our countrymen so nobly offered their services to the Governor-General, and when the very flower of the community came forward willing to follow the lead of illustrious leaders. Ever since which time they have kept up a like patriotic spirit, and shown by their zeal and constancy that their loyalty was no mere flash in the pan, but as deeply grounded in their very soul—and as firmly—as the Maple in Canadian soil. As the poisonous cancer spreads its tendrils around and deadly grips the vitals, so tenaciously does this martial spirit take possession of Canadian breasts. These warriors have on several occasions proceeded to the front, and distinguished themselves by their martial bearing and good soldierly conduct, proving beyond the shadow of a doubt that in *their* lands the honour of our country may securely repose.

Yes, and the most indifferent spectator on looking at one of our battalions, must often say to himself: "What a pity such a body should, some day or other, march along with shattered ranks mourning the loss of many a comrade, who would never again, this side of the peaceful shore, shout:

"*Here*," at the roll call of his regiment.

Yes, as I have just stated, death has already claimed its trophies in the persons of many a noble soldier in whose frame consumptive disease had insinuated itself as the result of exposure when on duty, doing up what was left undone by the bullet of the invader and the more treacherous foe within our borders—the half-breed.

Many a son, many a father, many a husband, many a lover in the apparent enjoyment of a long lease of life, have thus been sent prematurely to the muster yonder *for doing their duty*, and the reverberating echo of many a heart-rending wail is even to-day to be heard arising from some of the sweetest bosoms in many of the choicest and fairest of Canadian homes. It is to be hoped we may long be spared the cause of a repetition of such spectacles, and that for us the prayer may be answered:—"Lord, send us peace in *our* days.

* * *

But while this is devoutly to be hoped, as it certainly can never be other than our policy, we should never allow the military patriotism of our people to die out or even languish.

In a defensive war, in all just wars, it is the most glorious death a man can die—to die for his country.—By all laws—Divine or human—defensive wars are not only justifiable, but obligatory to the extremest extent. Every man should be a soldier, every son of ours should be trained in the use of arms. In the eye of reason and of common sense, and in the better eye—that of religion—the man who falls sustaining the honour of his country falls worthily before God and man.

This is the principle which underlies our volunteer organization, a principle which will be held sacred by every thoughtful mind when one will recall the reflection that these, our gallant defenders, are not only the guardians of life and property, but of the honour of men and the honour of women. These, are in fact, the strong arms which uphold the framework of society, and render life and property secure.

The volunteers here, I say it to my country's shame, have never been properly treated, and the only visible encouragement they have ever had was to be found in the cordial concurrence of public opinion, in the kind sweet smiles of the better-half of society, and in the manly sympathy of

their fellow-citizens with whom they come in contact in everyday intercourse. Then

> "Behold ye warriors, and exert your powers,
> And for our country 'tis a bliss to die.
> The gallant man though slain in fight he be
> Yet leaves his nation safe, his children free;
> Extends a debt on all the grateful state;
> His own brave friends shall glory in his fate;
> His wife live honoured, all his race succeed,
> And late posterity enjoy the deed."

Those who once looked on volunteering as an idle, if not a vicious pastime, not only now applaud it, but confess that its promotion and enhancement is a paramount duty. Look! there is scarce a town that has any pretensions as to size or dignity but has its rifle corps! From the school cadet to the trained veteran volunteer soldier, all are being accustomed to the use of arms.

No free country should sit calmly down with self-satisfied

folded arms, and leave herself to the mercy of other powers, no matter *how* friendly they may be, for, as weakness tempts agression, so surely should we not be dependent on the forbearance of other nations, but rather on our own manhood and powers and means of defence, and always adopt such measures as prudence, common sense and sound judgment dictate so as to fling in the teeth of the world the fact that we are prepared to defend our glorious heritage with all our rich substance, and, if need be, with our blood.

"The soldier untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low;
With his back to the field and his feet to the foe;
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame."

I would I could whisper into the ears of every fair daughter of Canada to use her mighty influence with those young men, who, although ready to serve their country, make no effort

to fit themselves for its service, and call on them in voice of thunder, tempered with love, to smile on no man who cannot handle a rifle or wield a sword in their defence. Woman has great power in making men brave and heroic. Soldiers are not made in a day, and, however good the intention may be, without effort to acquire military knowledge, to carry these intentions into practice, those who hold them would be no better than an armed mob. What daughter of ours would not like with the parting kiss to hear from the lips of her lover as he marched frontierwards with his regiment such words as these ?—

"I go, then, my lass, to win honour and fame;
And if I should chance to come gloriously hame
I'll bring thee a heart with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and my country no more."

* * *

It is the working man to whom our land is indebted for her magnificent greatness—work is honourable. Man was intended for work. Our Saviour was a working-man, and as

such honoured all who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. Work was the first institution established for man, for God planted a garden in Eden for Adam, and put him in it to dress and to keep it. Work is essential to human happiness, and Heaven itself would be robbed of one of its best elements of pleasure if idleness prevailed there, for our Heavenly Father made man, whether *in* Paradise or *out* of it, to be a working man.

Labour is essential to the well-being of our race. Why these gymnasiums? Why these athletic associations? Because the human machinery must be kept oiled by work, or it will prematurely become useless and decay—and that irretrievably. To give the body as well as the mind no employment would be to foster the most ruinous calamity that could befall a member of Adam's family.

Go and read the life of Benjamin Franklin, or of James Watt, to the former of which noble men we owe to-day the fact of our country's being in constant and immediate communication with not only the cities of this hemisphere, but of the civilized globe. Whilst he was toiling away with his

hands in a garret, his mind was engaged with those lofty and scientific ideas, which he afterwards worked into a theory of electricity, and which finally became the channel of communication between continent and continent, city and city, home and home, office and office. It carries the human voice along the magic wire now hundreds of miles, and in the near future it is destined to be the means of conversation from "ocean side to ocean's other shore."

* * *

Motive power, too, responds to its imperative mandate, and soon the scheme will be perfected which will not only take man's signature instantaneously for thousands of miles, but will also enable us to see for ourselves the very face to which we speak and the hand that traces the handwriting on the cheque. Then, if not till then, will the ungrateful inhabitants of the universe, which is girdled by a network of wire, which speaks all languages and annihilates time and distance, give that honour so justly due the practical mechanic.

* * *

Or come with me if you will and study the life of Stephen-

son, who planned the noble bridge which now spans the St. Lawrence for nearly two miles. He was a working-man, and the huge masses of ice may break against the Victoria bridge, and the immeasurable quantity of water rush under it year in and year out, yet it stands serene and calm as a monument to the worth and excellence of those men whose mission it is to go forth and conquer.

"Oh, all who labour, all who strive,
Ye wield a mighty power,
Do with your might, do with your strength,
Fill every golden hour.
The glorious privilege *to do*
Is man's most noble power.
Oh! to your birthrights and yourselves,
To your own souls be true;
A weary, wretched life is theirs
Who have *no* work to do."

* * *

I cannot refrain from referring to the gross ignorance which

prevails to-day in European lands with reference to everything Canadian. Many foreigners seem to think that we live in a land of perpetual frost and snow, and that in our villages—they think we have no towns or cities—each night is made hideous by the howling of the wolves and dangerous by the prowling of the bear and the scalp hunting Indian. Nor are *we* without blame for this state of affairs, for a picture sent from Canada must be of a winter scene, and your Canadian Patriot, in order to have his portrait taken to send across the ocean, must, as if perforce—be clad in furs and capped with a tuque or capuchin, with a pair of snowshoes strapped on his shoulders or skates attached to his feet. Until we cease handicapping our country, we shall deserve the finger in scorn to be pointed at us as citizens of a country whose success has been merely providential, or accidental, rather than of our own making.

Our youth especially want a sound patriotic education, for in their hands rests the responsibility of the future triumphal success of this fair land, and it will take many years after those of us who live to-day shall be gathered to our fathers ere

our children have mastered the grand achievement of undoing the criminally unpatriotic work of those who preceded them. Let us then remember that

> ....."Time is fleeting;
> And our hearts though stout and brave,
> Still, like muffled drums, are beating
> Funeral marches to the grave."

And while we cannot undo the past, retrace its steps and adequately make amends for thoughtless negligence, let us *now, and at once, and here*, plant the foot firmly on national foundations, and henceforth, leave only such footprints as will be safe and wise for those who follow us to tread in.

* * *

How true are the words of Longfellow, whose aid I must again invoke, when he sings in that "Psalm of Life" of his so truly and so beautifully:—

> "Lives of great men all remind us
> We can make *our* lives sublime,

And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing shall take heart again."

* * *

I close with the words of the song written by Dun Cameron, Esq., of Longueuil:—

"CANADA, OUR HOME."

Canada, dear Canada, the Land of the Brave;
Whose freedom no tyrant shall ever enslave,
From Mountain and Prairie to Ocean-laved shore
Let the Spirit of Brotherhood eternally soar;
Thy sons well may boast of their heritage grand,
And sing loud the praise of their dear native land,
In unison sweet shall their chorus out-burst,
"Canada to Canadians shall always be first."

Canada, Canada, my dear native land,
Thou as a nation with nations may stand,
And thy children their loyalty proudly declare
Pure as the snow-drift, free as the air,
Know we full well the dawn has begun
Of a destiny bright, and as fixed as the Sun;
Fear we no traitor, let foes do their worst,
Canada to Canadians shall always be first.

Canada, Canada, the Sons of thy Soil
Like the Beaver in peace and with honor shall toil.
Let others, in folly, make warfare their trade,
While we work in peace, 'neath the Maple-Leaf shade.
Tho' through the Wide World Canadians may roam,
Their thoughts aye turn back to "Canada our home."
Then again from our hearts let the chorus out-burst
Canada to Canadians shall always be first.